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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

DENISON'S SPECIALTIES

Calendar Days

Price, 25 Cents

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
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When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	5 3

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

CALENDAR DAYS

AN ENTERTAINMENT IN ONE ACT

BY

HARRIETTE WILBUR



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

CALENDAR DAYS

CHARACTERS.

JENNY, <i>a little girl.</i>	JUNE.
FATHER TIME.	JULY.
JANUARY.	AUGUST.
FEBRUARY.	SEPTEMBER.
MARCH.	OCTOBER.
APRIL.	NOVEMBER.
MAY.	DECEMBER.
JACK FROST	
FIRE.....	
WIND.....	
RAIN.....	
SUNSHINE.	
SHOWERS..	
NEW YEAR'S DAY.	LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.
TWELFTH NIGHT.	COMMENCEMENT DAY.
CARNATION DAY.	JUNE WEDDING DAY.
GROUND HOG DAY.	FLAG DAY.
VALENTINE DAY.	MIDSUMMER NIGHT.
FAIRIES BIRTHDAYS.	INDEPENDENCE DAY.
MARDI GRAS.	ORANGE DAY.
ASH WEDNESDAY.	LAMMAS DAY.
LEAP YEAR.	LABOR DAY.
INAUGURATION DAY.	FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.	INDIAN SUMMER DAY.
SPRING OPENING DAY.	COLUMBUS DAY.
APRIL FOOL'S DAY.	ALL HALLOW'S EVE.
GOOD FRIDAY.	GUY FAWKES DAY.
EASTER DAY.	ELECTION DAY.
ARBOR DAY.	THANKSGIVING DAY.
MAY DAY.	ST. BARBARA DAY.
MOTHER'S DAY.	PILGRIM DAY.
PEACE DAY.	CHRISTMAS DAY.
MEMORIAL DAY.	OLD YEAR DAY.
CHILDREN'S DAY.	

67 Characters—32 Boys, 35 Girls.

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TM92-007493

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NOTE.—*Of course it is not necessary to have each part taken by a different child; indeed, as few as a dozen children could give this play nicely, since by a mere change of costume, or a few details of costume, each can appear several times. And all the days need not be given, if desired, though, to make a complete program, the large number is given. If the enrollment of the school or organization giving this program be large, more children may be used and less duplications. In a school two or more rooms might combine to give it, and it would be a good number for a mid-winter program for the purpose of raising money, since the more children there are the better the attendance of grown people. It can be given on a small stage, as very few appear at the same time. All the airs used will be found in "The Golden Book of Favorite Songs," price 15c, to be obtained from T. S. Denison & Co. They will also furnish at moderate price any make-up materials needed.*

COSTUMES.

JENNY is dressed as any little girl.

FATHER TIME is in his regulation robes, with immense pasteboard scythe, white wig, etc. The months are dressed according to the ideas in Longfellow's poem, "The Poet's Calendar," which is used in the course of the play as recitations for the various months, as they enter.

JANUARY is a boy in snow white robes, with cotton icicles, diamond dust frost and tinsel ice. He will wear two false faces (not ugly ones, however), one over his face and one over the back of his head, both joined at the sides, a high turban of white cotton swathed about the two foreheads. He is accompanied by two pages, JACK FROST and FIRE.

JACK FROST all in white canton flannel.

FIRE, all in red, both costumes being trimmed down sides of trousers and sleeves and about neck with haggly Indian fringe.

FEBRUARY is the smallest child of all the twelve. She rep-

resents water, being dressed in a long robe of blue cheesecloth with foamy overdress of very thin white, a wreath of pine on her head, and about the hem of her robe are gaily colored fishes cut from gold, silver and colored papers. She may carry a classical ewer or other jar.

MARCI is a boy dressed in a coat of mail (rings of silver paper pasted on a brown cambric jacket), high tight leggings of mail, a helmet and a spear. His attendants are WIND and RAIN.

WIND, a boy in Pied Piper suit of various colors and rather raggle and blown.

RAIN, a girl in a long straight sack apron of black cambric trimmed from head to foot both before and behind with zigzags of silver paper.

APRIL is a boy dressed as a page in a Robin Hood costume of leaf green, trimmed with green tissue paper leaves, a crown of the leaves and a leaf trimmed rattle. His attendants are SUNSHINE and SHOWERS.

SUNSHINE, a girl in frilly yellow.

SHOWERS, a girl in red cambric with long strings of silver tinsel falling from her shoulders both before and behind. (Or RAIN may accompany APRIL as well as attend MARCI.)

MAY is a girl in a long robe of green cheesecloth trimmed liberally with flowers and carrying an immense basket of them.

JUNE is a girl in a long robe of rose-colored cheesecloth with wreaths and garlands of roses, or she may be dressed in a short dress of red cambric with many flounces to represent the petals of a rose. Or she may represent JUNO.

JULY is a boy in tawny yellow, made Roman style, with a sickle in one hand and crowned with yellow grain or with grass.

AUGUST is a girl in pale yellow cheesecloth, made long and in Roman style, with a sheaf of wheat in her arms and a wreath of grain.

SEPTEMBER is a boy in gray domino trimmed with white streamers, carrying a scale like that always given to Justice, and a trumpet.

OCTOBER is a girl in long brown cambric dress trimmed about neck and shoulders and from the knees to hem with red, yellow and green cambric or tissue leaves; crown of the leaves and a pumpkin or Jack-o'-lantern filled with fruit; a necklace of nuts or rose-hips.

NOVEMBER is a boy with a fur draped over one shoulder and carrying a bow and arrow.

DECEMBER is a girl in a long white robe decorated with holly and pine cones.

The costumes for the Special Days will be described as they enter.

TIME OF PLAYING—*About One and One-half Hours.*

CALENDAR DAYS

SCENE: *A family library. In the center of the rear wall in a curtained doorway. Just in front of it on an easel, stands an immense calendar made of twelve large sheets of cardboard and one fancy cover.*

JENNY enters at one side and crosses to the calendar.

JENNY. This is New Year's Eve, they say, and when I asked the grown folks what they are expecting it to bring, they laughed and said the calendar will tell me. So I'm going to take a peep at this brand new one and see—oh!

As she lifts her hand to turn back the fancy cover, FATHER TIME slips in from behind the curtain, as though from the calendar.

JENNY. I'm sure I don't know—

FATHER TIME (*laughing*). No, I suppose not. Most people don't know me very well, although I am always with them. But you haven't had much of my society—about five years, eh?

JENNY. I'm nine going on ten.

FATHER TIME. Yes, yes; of course. I ought to remember that well. But can you guess who I am? Tell me, whom do I make you think of?

JENNY. You—you look, you seem—I mean, I think you must be some one's very nice father.

FATHER TIME. Just so, Miss Jenny, the oldest father in the world—Father Time himself.

JENNY. Oh, I'm glad to see you, Father Time. Mother is always mentioning you to me. It is always time to be doing something—time to get up, time to go to bed, time to start for school, ~~time~~ time to wash for dinner. Sometimes, well—sometimes I wish I had more time to do the things I like.

FATHER TIME. Aha, Miss Jenny; that's impossible. I'll

not be hurried, and I'll not be dragged, and I'll not give one person more of me than another. All have an equal share of me. But I'll tell you one secret. Those who use well what time they have always seem to have more than those who idle away some of their minutes and hours and days. Just keep that in mind, Miss Jenny. And now, tell me, what do you want to learn of the calendar there?

JENNY. I want to know all about the New Year that's coming. The older folks are all in the sitting room, waiting for it to come, and I just slipped in here to find out what the calendar knows of it.

FATHER TIME. A very good plan, too. Now you just take a chair there, Miss Jenny, and make yourself comfortable, and you shall see what you shall see. (JENNY seats herself expectantly, and throughout the program acts the interested observer. FATHER TIME removes the gay cover of the calendar and shows the page for JANUARY.) My oldest son, Miss Jenny.

Enter JANUARY, accompanied by FROST and FIRE. He bows to JENNY and then recites, indicating his attendants at the last two lines.

JANUARY.

"January am I; oldest of potentates;
Forward I look, and backward, and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow;
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men."

FATHER TIME. He is named January in honor of Janus, the deity the Romans once worshipped as the lord of doors and gates, and of all beginnings. He has two faces, because he looks forward into the future and backward upon the past. He has thirty-one children, as you see by the list here. Most of them are exactly alike, and much the same as himself, cold and frosty without, and warm and cozy

within. I'll just ask him to show you a few of his special days.

JANUARY (*bows and points to the 1 on his page and calls*) New Year.

Enter NEW YEAR, *a very small boy dressed as a business man in a neat gray suit, with derby, cane and a suitcase marked with the number of the coming year. While passing across the stage he recites.*

NEW YEAR.

My name is Happy New Year, and you see how prompt
I come,—

As any day should strive to do, if special, or humdrum.
Although as yet I am alone, you'll find I usher in
A lengthy train of every sort of dear and pleasant kin.

I've come prepared to take my share of any kind of
work,

I wouldn't once permit myself the slightest bit to shirk,
Though new to life I have a list of very good resolves,
And plans so great and dizzying, my poor head just
revolves.

The other days take pattern from the things I say
and do,

And so I'm very careful not a word or deed to rue;
And as a million duties to the rest must be assigned,
Excuse me if I hurry on, a task for each to find.

(*Puts his suitcase at JENNY's feet and hurries out.*)

FATHER TIME. A boy after my own heart, Miss Jenny.
Have you any other especially talented children, January?

JANUARY (*indicates 6, announcing*) Twelfth Night.

Enter LORD OF MISRULE, *a boy in plumed hat, short green cloak, yellow ruff, suit of yellow knee breeches and coat; ribbons, laces, beads, set on everywhere; strings of bells about each knee; gilt crown topping his scepter, or any such typical details of costume as he is always pictured. He comes in slowly, limping and singing dolefully.*

OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

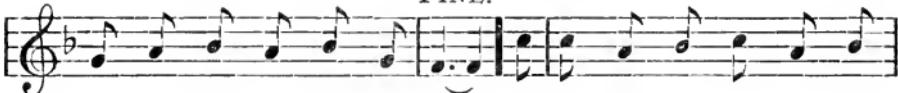


1. Oh, dear, what can the mat - ter be, Dear, dear,
 2. Oh, dear, what can the mat - ter be, Oh, dear,

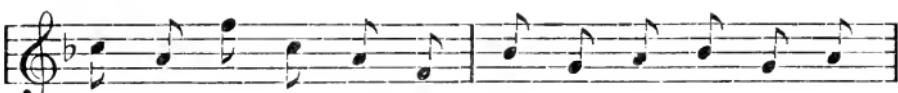


what can the mat - ter be, Oh, dear, what can the mat-ter be,
 what can the mat - ter be, Oh, dear, what can the mat-ter be,

FINE.



No one now no - tic - es me! I used to be fet - ed and
 No one now no - tic - es me! I led a long line of gay

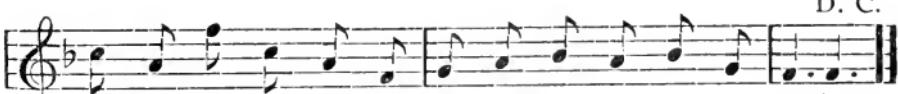


feast - ed and court - ed, I frolicked and danced and I
 cour-tiers and pag - es, I'd cham-ber-lains, jugglers, and



ca - pered and sport-ed; The King and the Queen and the
 mar-shals and pag - es,—Oh, life was so mer - ry and

D. C.



pau - per and peasant, And ev - 'ry one lis-tened to me.
 play - ful and pleasant, And ev - 'ry one ran aft - er me.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Dear, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
No one now notices me.

I used to be feted and feasted and courted,
I frolicked and danced and I capered and sported,
The King and the Queen and the pauper and peasant,
And every one listened to me.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
No one now notices me.

I led a long line of gay courtiers and pages,
I'd chamberlains, jugglers and marshals and pages,
Oh, life was so merry and playful and pleasant,
And every one ran after me.

FATHER TIME. I remember the hilarity of your reign, Misrule, when you were the acknowledged leader in every Christmas party. But I never could understand how such gayety and even rudeness as yours could be commemorative of the Visit of the Three Wise Men to the Manger, and on the whole it is just as well that the Roundheads and Puritans did away with you. Indeed, you were a bit too wild for any season of the year. (*MISRULE limps out, singing plaintively the refrain of his song, stopping to lay his scepter at JENNY's feet.*)

JANUARY (*points to 29, calls*). Carnation Day.

Enter a little girl in a fluffy white dress carrying a bunch of carnations. She sings to air, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs," or recites, as preferred.

CARNATION DAY.

On this day throughout our nation,
Is a pretty blossom worn,
Just a single white carnation,
In memoriam it is borne.

But the bit of goodwill never
 Fails to bring a thought of cheer,
 And a touch of spring it ever
 Gives to winter, cold and drear.

(*She hands a carnation to JENNY and passes out.*)

FATHER TIME. Carnation Day observes the birthday of William McKinley, the last of the three martyr Presidents. And now, January, make way for your sister, if you please. (*JANUARY bows and goes off stage, followed by his pages.* FATHER TIME removes the January page of the calendar.)

Enter FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY.

“I am lustration; and the sea is mine!
 I wash the sands and headlands with my tide.
 My brow is crowned with branches of the pine,
 Before my chariot wheels the fishes glide.
 By me all things are purified,
 By me the souls of men washed white again;
 E’en the unlovely tombs of those who died
 Without a dirge, I cleanse from every stain.”

FATHER TIME. February's name comes from the Latin, *Februarius*, the month of expiation, because, on the fifteenth of this Roman month, the ancients held their *februa*, or festivals of purification and expiation. She was first placed in the Roman calendar in 452 B. C., and then had as many days as any month. But because she is so good and gentle, a few of her brothers have taken some of her days away from her. To make up for that, little February has perhaps more special days to celebrate than any other month. Will you let us see some of your family, February?

FEBRUARY indicates 2.

Enter GROUNDHOG DAY, a boy wrapped in a fur robe, creeping on all fours and looking about furtively for his shadow. He sings to air “We’re All Noddin’,” in “Golden Book of Favorite Songs,” changing half notes to quarter notes and tieing or untieing notes when necessary.

GROUNDHOG.

We all keep nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
 We all keep nodding till Groundhog Day.
 Then out we come creeping all ready to quit
 Our long winter sleep if the weather be fit.
 But we're all nodding, nid-nid-nodding,
 We are all nodding till Groundhog Day.

If there's no shadow, no bit of shadow,
 And if there's no shadow, abroad we roam.
 So if you want springtime to hasten along,
 Just hope the day's sunshine won't be at all strong.
 For if there's sunshine, the least bit sunshine,
 For if there's sunshine, we creep back home.

FATHER TIME. The only day in the year when people welcome storm and dread sunshine.

FEBRUARY indicates 14.

Enter VALENTINE DAY, a little girl in fluffy white with tinsel trimmings. She is sandwiched between two great red cardboard hearts and crowned with band of tinsel, bearing a red heart.

VALENTINE DAY.

I'm a pretty Valentine
 For a dear one.
 Made of lacy papers fine,
 And of tinsel all ashine,
 And a heart that says, "Be Mine,"
 Or "To My Dear One."

If my beauty you would share
 With a dear one,
 Wrap me up with dainty care,
 Write the name I ought to bear,
 And I'll hasten off to where
 Is found your dear one.

The heart in front could bear the words "Be Mine," in gold paper letters, and the one behind "To My Dear One,"

and she then shows the latter by turning about slowly during the last of the first verse.

FATHER TIME. At one of the early Roman festivals, the Lupercalia, which came in February, there was a custom of choosing names by drawing slips from a box. Later, in the early Christian times, St. Valentine became so famous for his love and charity that the custom of giving valentines upon his festival became common. As Charles Lamb says: "This is the day on which those charming little missives called valentines cross and intercross each other at every turning. Not many sounds in life exceed in interest the knock on the door. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in a valentine." Long live this custom of remembering loved ones on this day, I say, eh, Miss Jenny?

JENNY. Yes, indeed, Father Time. I love to send valentines and to get them, too. (VALENTINE'S DAY hands JENNY a pretty valentine as she passes out.)

FEBRUARY (*points to 7, 12, 22 and 27 and announces*)
Famous Birthdays.

Enter a boy with an immense pair of spectacles and a very large notebook, or school book, looking owlishly wise. He recites with great importance.

FAMOUS BIRTHDAYS.

Deep down in my school books I find all the lore
Regarding events that have gone on before,
And hence as to birthdays I loudly declare
That February has furnished her share.

First there is Dickens, and then there is Lowell,
Darwin, the thinker, and Longfellow, too.
Lincoln so merciful, wise and noble,
With Washington to keep the balance true.

So when you are lauding the months that pass by,
Record to her credit these names that never die,
For surely, though all of the others you praise,
No month has a list of such famous birthdays.

First there is Dickens, and then there is Lowell,
Darwin, the thinker, and Longfellow, too.
Lincoln, so merciful, wise and noble,
With Washington to keep the balance true.

(Hands his book to JENNY and goes off, saying the last four lines to himself, checking the names off on his fingers.)

JENNY. Two of these birthdays are holidays, too. How I wish all of them were. I'd have so much time to play, then.

FATHER TIME. Well, Miss Jenny, February is usually carnival time in Venice, and Paris, and New Orleans, and many other great cities. Just before Lent comes that time of merry-making known as Mardi Gras, which is a French term meaning "fat Tuesday," because it is so well fed, in preparation for the coming Lent. However, being a movable feast, Shrove Tuesday, or Mardi Gras, sometimes occurs in March. Shall you have Mardi Gras this year, February?

(Should "Shrove Tuesday" come in February of the year in which the play is being given, FEBRUARY points to the date and calls) Mardi Gras.

Enter a girl and a boy, dressed in white to represent Pierette and Pierrot, with black rosettes and black masks. They walk back and forth with light steps, tossing confetti and waving ribbons of paper, while singing to air "Follow Me, Full of Glee," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

MARDI GRAS.

To and fro, to and fro,
Dancing lightly here we go,
Footsteps light, footsteps light,
And our faces beaming bright.
Swiftly dancing round and round,
In a merry skip and bound,
Full of glee, full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Singing merrily, merrily, merrily,
 Singing merrily, merrily, merrily,
 Full of glee, full of glee,
 Singing merrily.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
 So we keep the Mardi Gras.
 Laugh and sing, laugh and sing,
 And our troubles all take wing.
 As we swiftly dance and glide,
 Rings our laughter far and wide,
 Full of glee, full of glee,
 Singing merrily.
 Singing merrily, merrily, merrily,
 Singing merrily, merrily, merrily,
 Full of glee, full of glee,
 Singing merrily.

(Exeunt still singing, tossing some confetti over JENNY as they pass by.)

FEBRUARY (*points to the date of Ash Wednesday, provided it comes in that month, and announces*) Ash Wednesday.

Enter a girl in gray cambric robes, arranged as in Sergeant's painting "Hosea." She recites or sings to air "Musical Alphabet," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

Ash Wednesday.

After all the jollity,
 All the gay frivolity,
 When the fun seems almost spent,
 Comes the season known as Lent.
 Then for forty nights and days,
 We repent and mend our ways,
 Waiting for the joyful chime
 Of the bells at Easter time.

(Passes slowly out. Of course, should "Shrove Tuesday" and Ash Wednesday fall in March, FEBRUARY will say, "March has them this year, Father Time," or "I have

Shrove Tuesday, but March has Ash Wednesday," whichever is appropriate. These movable celebrations will have to be adapted to the year, and should be placed in the month where they belong at the time.)

FEBRUARY. I have still another day of which I am very proud, although he is not to be depended upon like the other days. But as he is a gift to me from the other months, I am always glad to see him. (She points to vacant space after the 28, or to the 29, calling) Leap Year Day.

A boy enters, hopping and skipping, dressed as a Robin Hood forester. He recites in a sing-song manner.

LEAP YEAR DAY.

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June and November,
 All the rest have thirty-one,
 (So the tables always run.)
 But if you will count with care,
 February's used unfair,
 So to save her pain and tears,
 I come once in each four years.

FATHER TIME. Yes, that was the plan they agreed on in Julius Cæsar's time, in 46 B. C. The way the Romans had been reckoning time the spring was then occurring in what the calendar called summer, and to correct this error Cæsar copied the Egyptian method of estimating time, and introduced the present arrangement of having three years of three hundred and sixty-five days, followed by one of three hundred and sixty-six days. At that time, however, each month had either thirty or thirty-one days, and February was no smaller than the rest of them at any time, and every Leap Year she was as big as the biggest of them.

FEBRUARY. Yes, it was August that robbed me, but I don't care, as long as I have so many holidays and feast days and Leap Year. (FEBRUARY goes off, leading LEAP YEAR. FATHER TIME removes the February page of the calendar.)

Enter MARCH, accompanied by WIND and RAIN. He stalks about surlily while reciting.

MARCH.

“I Martius am! Once first, and now the third!
To lead the year was my appointed place;
A mortal disposed me by a word,
And set there Janus with the double face.
Hence I make war on all the human race;
I shake the cities with my hurricanes;
I flood the rivers and their banks efface;
And drown the farms and hamlets with my rains.”

(He indicates his attendants at the last four lines.)

FATHER TIME. That is true, March. You were the first month in the early Roman calendar, and until England adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1782, the 25th of March was the legal New Year. I suppose we can't blame you for feeling angry at Julius Cæsar, even though named for Mars, the god of war, but it seems to human folk that you rather overdo your surliness at times. I recall an old Scottish proverb: “March borrows three days of April, and they are ill.” And that you are always distrusted, even though you seem to smile, is shown in another proverb: “If March comes in like a lamb, it will go out like a lion.” They all wish that you would not take any of April's sunny days, and so extend your power so much longer. But as you are stronger than April, and April is so good-natured, as a rule, I suppose it's too late now to try to change you much. But do try to be as gentle as you can this year, March, for Miss Jenny likes warm and sunny months the best, I am sure.

JENNY. Yes, Father Time, I do like sunshine best. But there are some good things about March, and I believe he is not half so bad as he would like to have us think him. And he has some nice days, I am sure.

FATHER TIME. No, he isn't half the bad fellow he seems. Come, March, show us some of your favorite days, will you?

MARCH (*points to 4 and announces*) Inauguration Day.

Enter a boy in gray trousers, black frock coat, and tie. He passes slowly across the stage, head bent thoughtfully and hand in breast of coat, as the pianist plays "America." Bows to JENNY and lifts his hat as he passes her.

FATHER TIME. The Constitution of the United States does not specify the date for the inaugural ceremony, Miss Jenny. But the first Wednesday in March, 1789, which fell on the fourth day of the month, was appointed as the date for the assembling of the first Congress, at which time it was intended to inaugurate President Washington as well. But there was delay and confusion in getting the new Government into working order, so that Washington did not take the oath of office for nearly two months after the time set. Nevertheless, the fourth day of March has been made the permanent date for the inaugural ceremony; or the fifth, if the fourth happens to fall on Sunday.

JENNY. I have heard my father say that the date should be changed to warmer weather, but I suppose March would be more furious than ever if that were done.

FATHER TIME. Perhaps, Miss Jenny. Well, March, what other days have you?

MARCH (*points to 17 and announces*) St. Patrick's Day.

Enter a boy in black, but sandwiched between two immense green pasteboard trefoils. He dances a jig to the strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and jigs off, pausing to hand JENNY a small trefoil.

FATHER TIME. The day of the patron saint of Ireland, Miss Jenny, who lived sometime between the years 373 and 463 A. D., and is yet honored for his useful life and his many good deeds.

MARCH (*points to 21 and announces*) Official Opening of Spring.

A messenger boy, or girl, enters, carrying several large suit and hat boxes, and recites.

SPRING OPENING DAY.

When rough March shows that spring has come,

• Whether fretful or wearing smiles,

'Tis then every lady turns her mind

To the latest things in styles.

Here's a dress of gayest silk

In a soft and pretty rose,

And here is a frilly, fluffy one,

All trimmed with dancing bows.

See! Here's hat of straw severe,

With quill of dazzling white;

And here's another all in black

With jet that glitters bright.

A wrap of satin gay,

In a soft and lovely blue,

And so Spring fashions come again,

Each year with something new.

(Places the boxes at JENNY's feet and goes out. JENNY may open one of the boxes and put on the hat if she wishes.)

FATHER TIME. I suppose you ladies will never wholly dislike March, so long as Spring fashions belong to him. Have you any more days? (MARCH has MARDI GRAS, ASH WEDNESDAY, GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER DAY, should they fall in that month. *Exeunt MARCH and his attendants.* FATHER TIME tears off the March sheet.)

APRIL enters, with his attendants, SUNSHINE and SHOWERS. He recites these four lines, then seems to forget the rest.

APRIL.

"I open wide the portals of the Spring

To welcome the procession of the flowers,

With their gay banners, and the birds that sing

Their song of songs from their aerial towers.
I soften with my sunshine and my showers
The heart of earth; with thoughts,—”

FATHER TIME. Yes, April, and with thoughts of green Spring you glide into the hearts of men. Welcome, April, always. Your name comes from “aperire,” to open, because the buds begin to break about the time of your coming. In the time of Nero you were called the month of Neroneus. Charlemagne called you the “grass month,” and so you are still called in Holland. On the Greek monuments you are always represented as a dancing boy with a rattle in your hand, and it was a good likeness, indeed. Now tell us some of the good things you have in store for Miss Jenny.

APRIL (*points to 1 and calls*) All Fool's Day.

Enters a boy as a court jester, one side in red and the other yellow, or in white and black, or red and white; bells on his pointed collar and cap peak and shoe-toes, a bauble in his hand. He sings to air, “Jingle Bells,” in “Golden Book of Favorite Songs.”

APRIL FOOL.

April Fool am I,
All Fool's holiday,
You forget to sigh
As I go my way,
When my gay bells ring
Every eye grows bright,
What fun it is to jest and sing
From morning until night.
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the day,
Oh, what fun it is to drive
Dull old Care away.

All work makes one dull,
As the proverbs say,
So to April Fool
All should honor pay,

Work is well and good,
 But a bit of spice
 Added to your daily food
 Will keep you sweet and nice.
 Jingle bells, jingle bells, etc.

FATHER TIME. And a very popular day, too, and the custom of sending people on empty errands and laughing at them is common in every country of Europe and wherever the European races have settled. Oriental scholars say that it is derived from the "huli" feast among the Hindoos, which is kept the thirty-first of March, a very ancient celebration in which high and low take part. Everybody delights to make "huli" fools, and many different kinds of pranks are played. The Romans had a similar day in February, and it is also said to be traceable to a certain festival the ancient Britons held. According to a rhyme in Poor Robin's Almanak for 1760—

"The first of April, some do say,
 Is set apart for All Fool's Day,
 But why the people call it so
 Nor I, nor they themselves, do know."

In France the fooled man is called "a silly fish,"—easily caught, like a mackerel. In Scotland he is called a "gowk," which means a cuckoo, supposed to be a witless bird. But everyone enjoys a bit of harmless fun and although he may be fooled, he hopes to fool someone in turn before the day is done. (*APRIL FOOL hands his bauble to JENNY as he passes, but when she reaches for it he snatches it back roguishly, singing the refrain of his song.*)

JENNY (*finally succeeds in grasping the bauble and waving it triumphantly as APRIL FOOL skips off, calls*) April Fool.

APRIL (*points to date of GOOD FRIDAY, provided the day does not fall in March, and announces*) Good Friday.

Enter GOOD FRIDAY, *a girl in black robes, or the same girl who represented ASH WEDNESDAY may return in her gray robes. She sings one or two stanzas from some Easter*

hymn, such as "*In the Cross of Christ I Glory.*" She remains to sing with EASTER DAY.

Enter EASTER DAY, unannounced, a girl in white robes and wings and crown, with bouquet of lilies. EASTER DAY and GOOD FRIDAY sing some Easter hymn, such as "*Low in the Grave He Lay,*" and *exeunt slowly.*

APRIL. I have one more special day, Father Time, or usually have. That is Arbor Day. In some states the Governor appoints days in other months, however. In Texas it comes on February 22, in Georgia it is in December. Still other states observe it in March or in May. (*He points to the correct date and announces*) Arbor Day.

Enter ARBOR DAY, a boy with a small tree, a spade and a sprinkler. He recites, admiring his tree meantime.

ARBOR DAY.

Plant a tree whene'er you can,
And you are bestowing
Precious gifts on all mankind
Far beyond your knowing.
Shelter from the wind and rain,
Twigs where birds are singing,
Flowers and fruits and leaflets green,
Cooling fans out-swinging.

(*Hands tree to JENNY and goes off.* ARBOR DAY may be placed in whatever month desired, according to the custom of the State in which the program is being given, whereupon it will be necessary to make a few changes in the month's explanation of the day.)

JENNY. I know about Arbor Day, Father Time. It means "tree day," and was first observed in Nebraska in 1872, and in most states it is a holiday. And there's Bird Day, too, to go along with it. With us that comes (*insert proper date.* APRIL passes out with attendants and FATHER TIME changes the calendar.)

Enter MAY, who recites.

MAY.

“Hark ! The sea-faring wild fowl loud proclaim
 My coming, and the swarming of the bees.
 These are my heralds, and behold ! my name
 Is written in blossoms on the hawthorn trees.
 I tell the mariner when to sail the seas ;
 I waft o'er all the land from far away
 The breath and bloom of the Hesperides,
 My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May.”

FATHER TIME. Yes, my dear, you are named from the Roman goddess, Maia, the mother of Mercury, and so beloved were you by the Romans that they made almost every day a festival. Many a poet has sung praises to you, and Spenser says of you :

“Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
 Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around.”

JENNY. And I know a poem, too, Father Time : .

“When April steps aside for May,
 Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten,
 Fresh violets open every day,
 To some new bird each hour we listen.”

FATHER TIME. So hail, bounteous May, we salute thee, and welcome thee, and wish thee long. What is your favorite day, and what pleasures have you in store for Miss Jenny ?

MAY (*indicates the 1 and announces*) May Day.

A girl as a May Queen, who sings to the air, “Jolly Old St. Nicholas,” in “Golden Book of Favorite Songs.”

MAY DAY.

Follow where the May Queen leads,
 Follow far away,
 Over fields and dewy meads,
 Follow far away,

Come a-Maying, come with me,
 Where the grass grows tall;
 Flowers and trees and birds to see,
 Come, and enjoy them all.

On this day of May-time fair,
 Follow far away;
 All should Nature's beauty share,
 Follow far away;
 Come a-Maying, come with me,
 Where the fields are gold;
 Flowers and trees and birds to see,
 And a revel hold.

FATHER TIME. A custom that the Romans kept each year when they held their feast to Flora, the goddess of flowers, and although in these busy times people cannot stop to spend a day a-Maying, still the children never forget to hang their May baskets and enjoy their Maypole dances in the city parks as did the milkmaids in the time of Henry VIII. (MAY DAY *hands JENNY her basket of flowers and goes out singing the last four lines of her song.*)

MAY (*points to the correct date and announces*) Mother's Day.

Enter a little girl dressed as a woman, with a doll in long clothes. She sings some familiar lullaby and passes out.

FATHER TIME. Mother's Day is one of the youngest of the special days, but one the world will not soon forget to observe, Miss Jenny.

MAY (*indicates the 18 and calls*) Peace Day.

Enter PEACE DAY, a girl in classical white robes, with a dove and an olive branch, or presumably one. Her head ornament may be a pair of ribbon wings, should the dove not be easily procured. She recites, or sings to air "Blest be the Tie that Binds," in Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

PEACE DAY.

Soon we shall hail the dawn
Of universal Peace,
When nations are together drawn
And war and hate shall cease.

Then olive branch and dove
Throughout the world will be known,
And men shall dwell in brotherly love
And none shall strife condone.

(Or she may recite or sing any other stanzas desired, bearing on the subject. She hands her olive branch to JENNY and passes out.)

FATHER TIME. Another new addition to our list of special days, Miss Jenny, and one from whom both the world and I hope much. There is need for her work, and we bid her God speed.

MAY (*points to 30 and calls*) Memorial Day.

Enter MEMORIAL DAY, *a little girl in white with a large wreath or basket of flowers*. She recites "Blue and the Gray" or sings "We're Tenting Tonight," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs." At the last she hands the wreath to JENNY and goes out.

FATHER TIME. Though the world and I hope for a universal peace, and a time when war shall be unknown, yet it is but fitting that tribute should be paid to those who have died in a great cause, which could not then be settled in any other way than in the shedding of blood on the battlefield. (*Exit MAY. FATHER TIME changes the calendar.*)

JUNE enters.

JUNE.

"Mine is the Month of Roses; yes, and mine
The Month of Marriages! All pleasant sights
And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,
The foliage of the valleys and the heights.

Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights;
 The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;
 I am the mother of all dear delights;
 I am the fairest daughter of the year."

FATHER TIME. June! It's a rhyme for *spoon* and *moon* and *tune*, and you can't help being a time for sentiment and song. But we love you all the more for that, June. No one knows just how you got your name, June,—even I can't remember. It may have been from Juno, the goddess and queen of heaven, but it may have been from Junius Brutus, a Roman consul. But that's no matter,—show us your favorite days, if you please.

JUNE *points to date of CHILDREN'S DAY.*

Enter two very small children in light summer dresses, who sing a stanza or two from "I Think When I Read the Sweet Story of Old," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs." Exeunt hand in hand, still singing.

JUNE (*calls without indicating a date*) The Last Day of School.

Enter a boy in straw hat and overalls and a little girl in sunbonnet and pinafore with lunch basket. They sing first and second stanzas of "Ho, Ho, Vacation Days are Near," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs." Place lunch basket at JENNY's feet and exeunt singing.

JUNE (*announces without pointing to any date*) Commencement Day.

A boy or girl in cap and gown, and carrying diploma, singing "Fair Harvard," or any of the graduation songs from "Golden Book of Favorite Songs," or reciting some graduation poem. Or may pass across stage to music of "Fair Harvard."

JUNE (*announces without indicating a date*) June Wedding Day.

Enter a bride and two bridesmaids, who pass across the stage slowly to the strains of the Wedding March of Lohen-grin.

JUNE (*points to 14 and announces*) Flag Day.

Enter FLAG DAY, a little girl with arms outstretched, one large flag reaching from hand to hand, and tacked to her shoulders. Or a Betsey Ross, carrying a flag, passes across to strains of "Star Spangled Banner." Presents JENNY with a flag before passing out.

JUNE (*points to 24 and announces*) Midsummer Night.

A fairy trips in and recites.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

I am a good fairy, so dainty and airy,

And though we but seldom are seen,

On Midsummer night, if you plan it just right,

You can find us all out on the green.

Take mistletoe beads and some tiny fern-seeds,

That invisible you may be,

And with these in hand, you take your stand,

Close under a green elder tree.

Then without breath or sigh, without winking an eye,

Keep quiet as any mouse,

And if this you do, I can promise you

A sight of our fairy carouse.

(*Tiptoes over to JENNY, takes her hand and pretends to give her a double handful of something, saying: "The fern-seed, my dear." She flits out and JENNY peeps into her hand.*)

JENNY. Why, she said it was fern-seed, but there's nothing there at all.

FATHER TIME. Neither is there fern-seed, strictly speaking, Miss Jenny, so you can't expect it to help you to see fairies, even though she told you just how to use it. (Exit JUNE. FATHER TIME prepares the calendar for JULY.)

JULY.

Enter JULY.

"My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe

The breath of Libyan's deserts o'er the land;

My sickle as a saber I unsheathe,

And bent before me the pale harvests stand.

The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,
 And there is thirst and fever in the air;
 The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand,
 I am the Emperor whose name I bear."

FATHER TIME. Yes, you are named from the great Julius Cæsar. The Romans called you Quintilis, from *quintus*, five, because you were the fifth month in the ancient Roman year, which began in March. The name was changed upon Antony's proposal, because Julius Cæsar was born on the 12th of this month. Charlemagne gave you the name of *Heu monat*, or *mowing month*. And we like you, too, July. We need July suns along with April rains, if the grain is to grow. So shine on, July. But you are not so busy making and keeping it hot that you have no play times at all.

JULY (points to 4 and announces) Independence Day.

Enter a boy dressed as Uncle Sam, who sings to air, "Yankee Doodle," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs," or recites, as preferred.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

On July Fourth, in seventy-six,
 I said I would be free, sir,
 And ever more would England's King
 Just have to let me be, sir.

Yankee doodle kept it up,
 Yankee Doodle dandy,
 Yankee doodle kept it up,
 And with his pen was handy.
 "When in the course of human events"—
 Yes, that's the way it read, sir,
 And John Bull had to stand it, too,
 No matter what he said, sir.

(Exit, after handing JENNY a rolled up document, which she unrolls and looks at admiringly.)

JENNY (reading). "A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled. When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary"—yes, I've heard it read many times, but I never

thought I'd actually see the paper itself. Look, Father Time, look.

FATHER TIME. Yes, I remember well the day it was signed, July 4th, 1776, and the rejoicing that went up from the crowds in the streets, and the bell ringing,—the old bell in the State House at Philadelphia, where the Declaration was drafted and signed, has ever since been known and honored as the Liberty Bell, even though now it is too old and cracked to be of any use.

JULY (*points to 12 and announces*) Orange Day.

Enter a boy dressed in orange, carrying a bow of orange ribbon or cambric. He sings to air, "Blue Bells of Scotland," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

ORANGE DAY.

Oh, why, and oh, why do I love my orange bright?
 Oh, why, and oh, why do I love my orange bright?
 In honor of Prince William, who came from o'er the sea,
 And how dear, and how dear will it ever be to me.

(*Presents the bow of orange ribbon to JENNY and goes out, followed by JULY. FATHER TIME removes the July calendar page.*)

Enter AUGUST, who recites her lines.

AUGUST.

"The Emperor Octavian, called the August,
 I being his favorite, bestowed his name
 Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,
 In memory of him and of his fame.
 I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame
 Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage;
 Sheaves are only my garlands, and I claim
 The golden Harvests as my heritage."

FATHER TIME. The Romans called you, originally, Sextilus, or the sixth month of their year, which began with March as I have said before. When Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar he gave one of the months his name and gave it 31 days, so when Augustus Cæsar came to the throne,

he was given a month for himself, and in order to have 31 days in it he took a day away from February. In many languages the word for august also means "harvest," but the Saxons called it the "weed month." Such is your history, August, as I recall it. You are always a busy month, gathering in the harvest. But have you no special day at all?

AUGUST. I have one, and it is dedicated to my favorite laborer, my chief helper. (*Points to 1 and calls*) Lammas Day.

Enter a boy in overalls and straw hat, and with a sickle, who sings "The Farmer," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs." At close presents his sickle to JENNY and goes out, followed by AUGUST. FATHER TIME removes August page of calendar.

SEPTEMBER enters and recites.

SEPTEMBER.

"I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise
 The night and day; and when unto my lips
 I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise
 Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships;
 The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips;
 Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight;
 The hedges are all red with haws and hips,
 The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night."

FATHER TIME. Very true, September. You do keep the nights and days evenly balanced, and you do blow many a stout blast on your trumpet. Once the seventh month, in the old Roman calendar, you have retained your name, but changed your position, and now we have the ninth month called from "septem," seven. Such is the effect of history and time and change on the languages. What have you to offer in the way of special days?

SEPTEMBER points to date of Labor Day.

Enter a boy dressed as a carpenter, with hammer and nail-pouch and a few boards. He sings to "Anvil Chorus," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs," beating time on his boards with his hammer to the last part.

LABOR DAY.

Always at dawning I'm ready to labor,
 Whene'er there's work that my hands find to do ;
 But comes a day in the early September
 When Labor proudly marches in review.
 Proudly our banners then wave their simple story,
 Proudly we march along as clad with fame and glory,
 Dignified forevermore.

For work is honor, for work is honor,
 When done with skill and power.

Proudly our banners then wave their simple story, etc.

(*Hands his hammer to JENNY as he passes out.*)

SEPTEMBER (*without indicating a date calls*) The First Day of School.

Enter a boy and girl with their books, singing to "Ho, Ho, Vacation Days are Here," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

"Ho, ho, how quickly time does fly,
 Tra la, tra la, tra la,
 And now vacation days are by,
 Tra la, tra la, tra la,
 But now we will in glad refrain
 Sing welcome back to school again,
 Ho, ho, vacation days are by,
 Tra la, tra la, tra la!"

(*Give JENNY their books and go out, followed by SEPTEMBER. FATHER TIME removes the September page of the calendar.*)

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER enters.

"My ornaments are fruits ; my garments leaves,
 Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed ;
 I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,
 O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside ;
 Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,
 The dreamy air is full, and overflows

With tender memories of the summertide,
And mingled voices of the doves and crows."

FATHER TIME. You're another general favorite with poets and people, October. One poet says of you—

"O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June, together,
Ye cannot rival, for one hour,
October's bright blue weather."

Octo, eight—once the eighth month, but now the tenth. But aside from your beauty, what do you offer us?

OCTOBER (*without indicating a date calls*) Indian Summer Day.

Enter a girl in smoke gray mull decorated with leaves and wearing a cap of leaves, and carrying a white scarf. She sings air "Juanita," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

INDIAN SUMMER.

Softly as dreaming
Hazy shines the autumn moon;
And, golden beaming,
Daylight glows at noon,
In the wood a splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
And the winds are tender,
Speaking soft farewell,
And this, autumn gladness,
Indian Summer, as you say,
Has a tender sadness,
As it dies away.

(*Throws her scarf over JENNY as she passes out.*)

OCTOBER (*indicates 12 and calls*) Columbus Day.

Enter Columbia in her classic robes and singing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs." Or she may pass across to the strains played softly. Presents JENNY with a map of North America in passing. Exit.

FATHER TIME. The day on which the brave Columbus

was finally rewarded for his faith in an idea. Well do I remember his landing, the natives looking on all his splendor as if he had been an angel from heaven. Can you tell me the date, Miss Jenny, or don't you know your history yet?

JENNY. Certainly, Father Time. October 12, 1492. Land was discovered on the evening before, but it was the morning of the 12th that they saw the green shore of San Salvador, one of the West Indies, lying before them in the bright sunshine.

FATHER TIME. I see you have studied your lesson well, Miss Jenny. (*Signs OCTOBER to continue.*)

OCTOBER (*points to 31 and announces*) All Hallow's Eve.

Enter a witch—and a charming one—who recites archly.

ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

In days of old, so we are told,

Sly witches held their sway,

Yet know, forsooth, that of a truth,

'Twas naught but maidens gay.

And All Hallow's Eve,

That fate might not deceive,

Each maiden fair

If she but dare,

Tried wiles beyond compare,

And carefully

That she might see

Her future destiny.

(*Hands her broom to JENNY in passing, followed by OCTOBER.*)

JENNY. I've seen the grown people trying to tell their fortunes and we children are always playing tricks on Hallowe'en, and I've often wondered what it was all about. Can you tell me, Father Time?

FATHER TIME. Oh, it all began long ago, so far back that I can't remember how it started. But a long time ago people believed in witches and evil sprites of all kinds, and so had certain ceremonies for driving them away. From that they turned to fortune-telling, and so we have one night

in the year devoted to such pranks. (*He changes the calendar.*)

NOVEMBER *enters.*

NOVEMBER.

“The Centaur, Sagittarius am I,
 Born of Ixion’s and the cloud’s embrace;
 With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,
 A steed Thessalian with a human face.
 Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase
 The leaves, half dead already with affright,
 I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race
 Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.”

FATHER TIME. November refers to the sign of the Zodiac that governs him—Sagittarius, the centaur, half horse and half man, carrying a bow and arrows.

JENNY. But he is not nearly as gloomy as he says he is. I like November. What does he bring us?

NOVEMBER (*points to 5 and calls*) Guy Fawkes Day.

Enter a boy in red, who may be the FIRE who accompanied JANUARY.

GUY FAWKES.

O, do you remember
 The fifth of November,
 The day of the gunpowder plot?
 There’s surely no reason
 Why that piece of treason
 Should ever be wholly forgot.
 Guy Fawkes, you remember,
 Was burned to an ember,
 Because of his plotting so ill,
 And so as a duty,
 But far more for beauty,
 Bright bonfires are burned for him still.

(*Lays a burned bit of wood at JENNY’s feet in passing.*)

JENNY. Do you remember the Gunpowder Plot, Father Time?

FATHER TIME. Yes, very well, Miss Jenny. Guy Fawkes, with others, planned to blow up the House of Lords on November 5th, 1605. But he was arrested the evening before and tried and condemned and executed. But the anniversary of the plot has long been celebrated in England, and was once a legal holiday, there, also. Even yet effigies are burned and bonfires lighted. In some parts of England different neighborhoods build their bonfires on the tops of hills, and then watch each other's fires while dancing about them. On a dark night the bonfires on every hilltop makes a very pretty sight, you may be sure. But the day is not celebrated in America, of course.

JENNY. No, we have our bonfires on Hallowe'en, and in the spring. I do love a bonfire, though, and would like to see a lot of them all burning at once.

NOVEMBER. Election Day.

A boy enters, sandwiched between two immense Australian ballots, and carrying one.

ELECTION DAY.

“A dizzy ballotier stood in his retreat,
And wished that he could make a selection ;
The names he did meet, he'd often repeat,
And ponder on each one for election.
“Say, only say, if I should today,
Give you my vote as a trial,
When you are in, oh, would you begin
To do whatever you wish and no denial?”

(JENNY holds out her hand for the ballot as he passes, but he shakes his head and goes on. Just at the exit he stops, ponders and comes back and hands her the ballot.)

JENNY. Thank you so much, but I meant to have one, anyway.

NOVEMBER (*indicates the date and announces*) Thanksgiving Day.

Enter a very neat little cook, with a big spoon and a dish in her hand. Stirs while singing, to air “Annie Laurie,” in “Golden Book of Favorite Songs.”

THANKSGIVING.

Oh, the other days are bonnie,
 And that I plainly see,
 But among them all a-monny,
 There's none to match with me.
 There's none to match with me,
 Who ne'er forgot will be,
 And for liberal Thanksgiving,
 You would lay you down and dee.

There are pies and cakes and puddings,
 There's turkey and there's brawn,
 There are creams and, oh, such fixings,
 As e'er your eyes fell on.
 As e'er your eyes fell on,
 And ne'er forgot will be,
 And for liberal Thanksgiving
 You would lay you down and dee.

(*Hands her bowl and spoon to JENNY as she passes.*)

JENNY. I know all about the Pilgrims, and the first Thanksgiving, and what they had to eat then. I have read it in my history, Father Time.

FATHER TIME. Yes, Thanksgiving Day is peculiarly an American holiday, but not a festival original with you, as there have been feasts and Harvest Home celebrations ever since early Hebrew times. (*Changes calendar.*)

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER enters.

“Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,
 I come, the last of all. This crown of mine
 Is of the holly, in my hand I bear
 The thrysus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine.
 I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
 And the return of the Saturnian reign;
 My songs and carols sung at every shrine,
 Proclaiming “Peace on earth, good will to men.”

FATHER TIME. The last of all and the best of all, with good things in plenty.

DECEMBER (*points to 4*) St. Barbara Day.

Enter a girl, dressed as a French peasant, with a dish, some seeds and a cup of water. As she recites she places the seeds in the dish and adds the water slowly.

ST. BARBARA. In southern France, on St. Barbara's Day, the women in every house fill two or three plates with wheat or lentils, and then set them in the warm ashes of the fireplace or on a sunny window ledge, to sprout. According as St. Barbara's grain grows well or ill, the harvest of the coming year will be good or bad. At what is known as the Great Supper on Christmas Eve, the table is decorated with the growing grain, as a symbol of the harvest that is to be. (*Hands her dish to JENNY in passing out.*)

DECEMBER (*points to 22*) Pilgrim Day.

A boy enters, dressed as a Pilgrim Father, who sings to air "Home, Sweet Home," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs."

PILGRIM.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the sky
Their giant branches tossed.

The ocean eagle screamed
From his nest beside the foam,
And in the forest depths roared
A sullen welcome home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Though dark the night and dreary,
This land to us was home."

(*Gives JENNY his ax as he passes out.*)

DECEMBER (*points to 25 and calls*) Christmas Day.

Enter a Christmas angel, who sings first three stanzas of "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," found in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs," or in any hymnal, and in passing out gives JENNY a star she has been carrying.

DECEMBER indicates the 31.

Enter OLD YEAR, an exact counterpart of NEW YEAR, except a larger boy, and one with a white wig, spectacles, cane, and walking with a stoop. He sings to air "Auld Lang Syne," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs," or recites, as preferred.

OLD YEAR.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay,

Stay for the good Old Year,

So long companion of your way

Shakes hands and leaves you here.

Oh stay, my friends, a moment stay,

Stay with the good Old Year,

One little hour, and then away

Departs the good Old Year.

The kindly Year, his liberal hands

Have lavished all his store,

And will you turn from where he stands

Because he gives no more?

Oh stay, my friends, a moment stay,

Stay with the good Old Year,

One grateful hour, and then away

Departs the good Old Year.

Even while you sing he smiles his last,

And leaves this sphere behind,

The good Old Year is with the past,

Oh, be the New as kind.

Oh stay, my friends, a moment stay,

Stay with the good Old Year,

One parting strain, and then away.

Departs the good Old Year.

(As he sings JENNY begins to nod sleepily, and as he and DECEMBER and FATHER TIME disappear her head drops down on the arm of her chair.)

JENNY (*rousing suddenly and rubbing her eyes*). Oh, Father Time, excuse me, please. I was so sleepy, and this is later than I am usually sitting up, and—why, where is he? And December? And Old Year Day? Why, where have they all gone? (*Looks about, then goes to the calendar, which now shows the page for December.*) Oh, yes, I see. It is New Year's Eve, now, and all the days are to come yet. I must fix them all just the way they belong, so the calendar will be all ready for tomorrow. (*She gathers up the loose sheets, and while arranging them sings to air, "Try, Try Again," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs."*)

JENNY.

Soon the New Year will be here, tra, la, la, la,
 Bringing days of merry cheer, tra, la, la, la.
 Valentine and May Day Queen,
 Labor Day and Hallowe'en,
 Patrick's Day with shamrock green, tra, la, la, la.

Father Time will lead them on, tra, la, la, la,
 Till the year be come and gone, tra, la, la, la.
 Ground-Hog Day and April Fool,
 And the First and Last of School;
 Thanksgiving and Christmas Yule, tra, la, la, la.

While she is singing several of the days and months, tip-toe in and stand about edge of room. FATHER TIME also peeps in, whereupon all call out—

ALL. Happy New Year, Jenny, Happy New Year!

(JENNY nods and smiles to them. They all sing with her, to chorus of air "Happy Greeting to All," in "Golden Book of Favorite Songs," facing audience.)

ALL.

Happy New Year to all,
 Happy New Year to all,
 Happy New Year, Happy New Year,
 Happy New Year to all.

CURTAIN.

Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. **Scene:** 1 simple interior. **Characters:** Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you. Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garbage of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancee. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 15 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. **Characters:** Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardiniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m. 1	3	
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m. 7	9	
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m. 8		
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Taming a Tiger, 30 min.... 3		
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Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.. 3	2	
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Wanted a Hero, 20 min.... 1	1	

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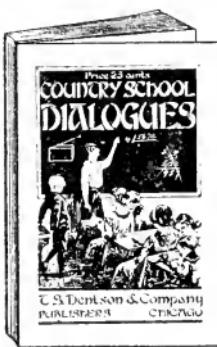
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Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m. 1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min..... 2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min. 2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m. 6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min..... 4	2
Si and I, 15 min..... 1	
Special Sale, 15 min..... 2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min.. 2	1
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